

The Party Trick-or-Treats by Joseph_Blank

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Summary:

This is just a super short blurb I wrote to practice writing dialogue in general. It's a hypothetical argument the party might have while trick-or-treating during season 2.

The Party Trick-or-Treats

“Can we take a quick break, guys? I really need to take a leak.”

The entire party groaned almost simultaneously as their trick-or-treating was once again interrupted. Dustin grinned awkwardly as his four friends turned to glare at him.

“Seriously, Dustin?” As the party’s dungeon master, Mike was always the first to speak up, especially now that the surprise female addition to their group had him on edge. “Why didn’t you go before you left?”

Dustin scoffed. “You sound like my mom. And I *did*. But every experienced trick-or-treater knows that you have to properly hydrate before a long trek across the neighborhood. And, you know, that hydration has to come out eventually...” The curly haired boy shifted his stance from one leg to the other, clearly a bit anxious to take care of his “hydration” problem sooner rather than later.

Max was the next to speak up. “You four really *are* still children.”

Mike immediately turned to glare at her. She didn’t need to do much to piss him off, having joined the group without his precious “permission,” but she really seemed to be trying his patience on purpose. “And what the hell is that supposed to mean?”

The redhead smirked. “Well trick-or-treating is already pretty childish. But I figured at least I’d get some of those ‘full-sized candy bars’ my stalker over here promised.”

Lucas blushed at the comment, already sort of getting used to the “stalker” nickname his crush had given him.

“But we’ve barely hit ten houses so far and we’re already taking another break. You nerds don’t have any clue how to have fun!”

Will tried to speak up, the meekest member of the party wanting to calm his friends down, but Mike shot back before the small boy could open his mouth.

“Then why did you even come out tonight? If Halloween is so ‘childish,’ why even wear a costume?”

The redhead tilted her head in confusion, like the question was the dumbest she’d ever heard. “Uh, to scare people, duh?” She pulled her Mike Myers mask back down and playfully brandished her knife toward the paladin. Mike and Will flinched a bit out of surprise, eliciting a chuckle from the faux-serial killer.

“Not that four dweebs dressed as *Ghostbusters* would know anything about real scares.”

Lucas and Dustin shyly looked down at their matching costumes, worried that their attempts to woo the gamer girl were counteracted by their choice of wardrobe.

Before Mike could launch into a rant about the recent horror comedy’s merits, Lucas stepped between them. “Look, while we all know *Ghostbusters* is a cinematic masterpiece, I think we’re just all a little on edge. Why don’t we try out Max’s idea for a fun Halloween? Mixing things up is always nice.”

Max lifted her mask back up and smirked at Mike again, happy that her stalker was taking her side.

But the dungeon master wasn’t giving an inch. “Of course you’d take your new girlfriend’s side. Didn’t take long for your dick to take over for your brain.”

Max let out a long sigh as she threw her hands up in the air. Lucas was speechless for a second, not wanting a repeat of their fight last year when Mike had taken a girl’s side over the party’s.

The redhead started to walk away. “You know what, fine. You dweebs can all go take a piss together and giggle about the size of your candy bars. I’m gonna go torment some of the douchebags from school.”

As his crush stomped away, Lucas started to follow, but turned back to see how his friends were reacting. Mike rolled his eyes. “Just go already.”

Lucas frowned. ‘Sorry, man.’ Then the ranger rushed off to catch up with the redhead as she crossed the street.

Mike looked around at his remaining friends. “Well, does anyone else want to bail?”

Will shook his head. “C-can we just move on to the next house?” The cleric just wanted his best friend to calm down and enjoy the night again. “I think I heard Mrs. Breyer is giving out entire Toblerones.”

Mike wasn’t totally paying attention though. He knew Will wasn’t that fond of Max either. The question was directed more at Dustin, who was continuing to dance awkwardly in place as he considered his options.

“C-come on man, this is such a stupid thing to fight over.” The bard grinned awkwardly, hoping his pearly whites might calm his friend down.

Mike crossed his arms. “If it’s so stupid, then the choice is obvious. Come on Will.”

The dark-haired boy turned towards the next house, with Will shyly following behind. “S-sorry, Dustin.”

The curly-haired Ghostbuster let out a long groan as he watched his friends leave. Turning to the other side of the street, he saw Lucas and Max just disappear out of view. “Dammit, why did I have to drink so much?!” Making a split-second decision to follow the girl of his dreams, Dustin decided to hold his bladder for the moment and cross the street after them. There was no way he was letting Lucas get some alone time with Mad Max.

Author's Note:

Since this was practice writing dialogue and consistent characterization, I'd appreciate feedback on this. Thanks so much for reading!